RAVERS



Volume 1
Issue 7

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Lana & Her Mum!

Bottom of the Class!

Hot to Frot

Linzi Drew at the Porn Awards

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RAVERS

Volume 1
Issue 7

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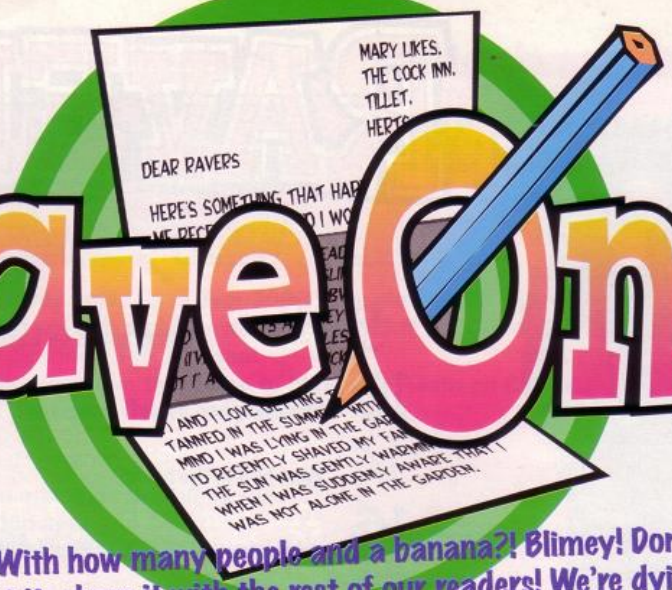




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Rave On!





You did what? With how many people and a banana?! Blimey! Don't just tell us about it, share it with the rest of our readers! We're dying to hear about your sexual adventures, and if you send in some photos to go with it, we'll pay you 25 quid for every snap we print! So get scribbling and start snapping, because these pages are yours to fill! Send your letters to: Rave On!, Ravers, Galaxy Publications Ltd., PO Box 312, Witham, Essex CM8 3SZ. Or, if you've got a computer and a modem, send us some filthy e-mail! Our address is 100450,760 on CompuServe, or 100450.760@compuserve.com if you're on the Internet. Just put Rave On as the subject line and we'll take care of the rest!

It's Never Too Late To Party

Some weeks ago, one of the young girls in the office where I work was having her hen night prior to getting married and, if my husband had not been away on business that weekend, I wouldn't be writing you this letter.

Although I have a son and a daughter, both at University, the young girls at the office encouraged me to relax and during the course of the night I joined in the fun with the rest of them. In the club we went to, our group of unaccompanied females soon attracted the attention of various groups of lads, and I was kept busy dancing. The evening wore on and various girls paired off with blokes. Our numbers gradually dwindled until there were only three of us left. We were sitting with a group of six lads when one of the girls said that two of the lads had offered them a lift home, but they didn't want to leave me on my own. I assured them I would be all right and they could leave me to get a taxi home on my own. The girls quickly left, obviously relieved they were not going to be burdened with old Thelma. The four lads who were left insisted that we have some more drinks but soon it was time for me to go and it was then that one of them suggested that we should share a taxi as it would be easier to find one rather than two.

They said they would drop me off first so I gave the driver my address and we set off. As we neared my house one of the lads said that he was bursting for the loo and he asked if he could use mine when we got to my house.





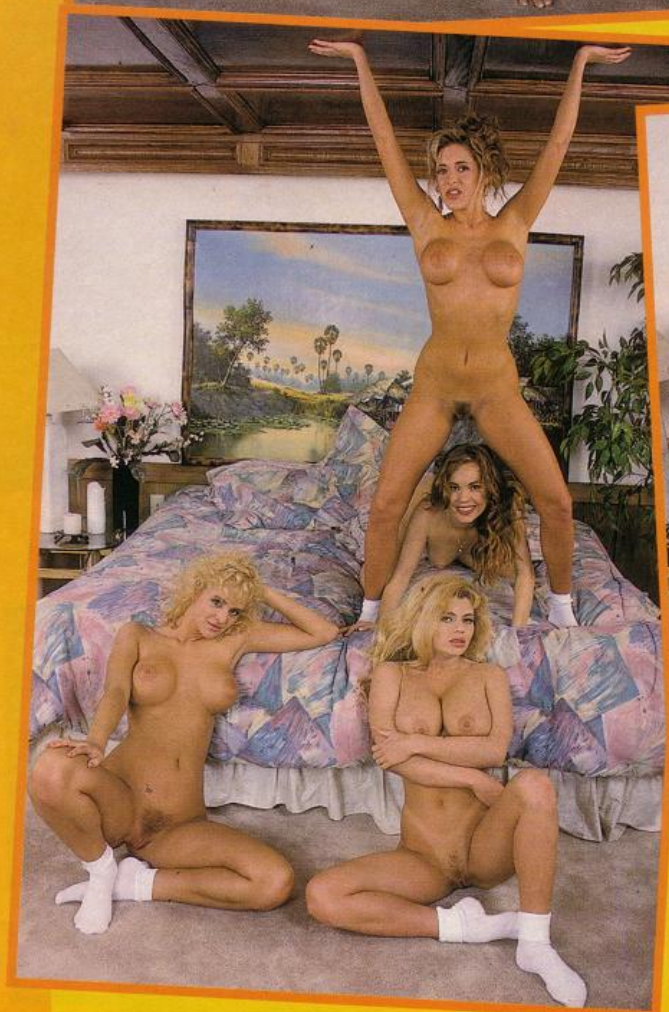
His request didn't alarm me, after all, I was old enough to be his mother. I didn't even think anything of it when they paid the taxi off and the four of them followed me into the house. One of them asked if my husband was in bed and, without thinking, I told them he was away on business. I asked them if they wanted coffee, they all asked for something stronger so I told them where the cocktail cabinet was. I soon had a large vodka and coke thrust into my hands. Someone switched on the stereo and I was pulled from one man to another as they took turns to dance with me. The music became slow and smoochy and the man I was dancing with pulled me even closer, grinding his hips against mine. My arms were wrapped around his neck and his hands were on my bottom. I could feel his fingers moving and then I realised that he was working his hand up between my thighs. More importantly, I realised that I didn't want him to stop. I had never been unfaithful and went to my marriage bed a virgin, but right here, right now, I wanted this young man to fuck me for all I was worth.

Slowly, in full view of his mates, he worked my dress up around my waist and his hands first gripped my buttocks through my tights, then moved slowly between my legs. I was sopping wet and he rubbed slowly back and forth against my clit, not quite fingering me, but turning me on more and more with each gentle caress.

I became aware of the others pressing against me from behind. One pulled my dress right up around my waist and one of the others pushed me forwards until I was bent over at the waist. The

CONTINUED ON PAGE 8


The
Bang
Gang









Rave On!





insides of my shoes were tapped gently and I was told to move my legs apart. I complied obediently and soon felt a hot cock prodding my soft flesh. Then he was sliding in where only my husband had been.

Before I knew it, he was buried deep inside me up to his full length. I murmured my approval as my body responded to him and my bottom pushed into his groin. Then, right in front of my face I saw one of the men, Billy, undo his trousers, pushing them and his underpants down. His erect cock sprang into view, directly opposite my face.

I had never taken a man's cock in my mouth before and so I hesitated before sinking my mouth gently over his tip and letting it rest on my tongue. It wasn't as unpleasant as I had expected and I relaxed as my tongue began to explore the contours of his cock. I seemed to know instinctively what to do as I suckled him and began to bob my head up and down, running my pursed lips along his rigid shaft in what seemed to me to be a more intimate act than what was happening at the other end.



My gentle, almost hesitant movements weren't enough for Billy, who grabbed my hair and began to thrust his cock into my mouth as if he was between my legs. Before too long, I was splut-

DAILY Raver

Friday, October 41,1999 — THOUGHT FOR THE DAY: SMEG!!! — Daily arse count: 1 (INCORPORATING THE COCK)

IT'S THE NEW AND AMAZING
SCRATCH'N'SNIFF!
SWEATY OLD GUSSET COMPETITION!!!

TERROR IN THE SKY!

MICROLIGHT PILOT IN CUSTODY

Microlight pilot Andy Shandy was in custody last night, following a bizarre incident involving top glamour mag stunner, Irene Burgersnatch. The incident took place at 4.30pm yesterday just outside Hastings, where Ms Burgersnatch was posing for top magazine Ravers. Apparently, as Mr Shandy flew over the location at a height of

Exclusive by Budd Nuggets

300 feet, he became so excited at the sight of Irene's moist vagina that he unloaded a full scrotum of gonad glue onto her breasts. Ms Burgersnatch was unavailable for comment at the time of going to print, but her manager said that other than sticky nipples and a navel full of scrote jam, she was otherwise unhurt.



Giant Pants
Outsize knickers eat Japanese fishing village!

RAVERS TIMES

No 1 **Wednesday June 42nd, 1999** **28 quid**

Scrotal Support
Giant testicles? Call us now for a quote!

CITY BIG KNOBS IN SHOCK SHAKE-UP!!!!!!

If you've got a big Thomas Hardy, this is the place to show it. Gentlemen, send us your penis pictures and we'll pay you money for them. There's a crisp 25 notes waiting for every prick pic published, so send us a shot of your floppy dangler and a note of its size, and we'll do the rest. Send your penile polaroids to: **RT, Ravers, Galaxy Publications Ltd., PO Box 312, Witham, Essex CM8 3SZ.**

Our Editor 1.25" **Dave, Leeds 2.6"** **John, Gloucs.4.25"** **Ernie,London 5.5"**











down around my ankles. I was lowered to the carpet and lay there, stripped bare.

I was naked both physically and morally, I didn't care what they did to me as long as they satisfied all the bottled lust that had been so swiftly aroused. They stood looking down at me as I surprised myself by pleading with them, "Come on, please, won't one of you do me?" That spurred them into action and I quickly felt a firm young body settling between my thighs and my needs were satisfied as that hard, solid rod filled me. A couple of hours of sheer debauchery followed as their fertile imaginations thought up everything they could to satisfy both my curiosity and my lust.



tering as he exploded against the back of my throat. As I desperately swallowed what was in my mouth Billy kept adding more until it dripped from the sides of my mouth. At that moment I felt my arse being gripped tightly and I knew I was being filled from both ends now.

I straightened up and clung to Billy, gasping and moaning in my passion and the intensity of the need for my own climax. As I stood there I felt all my remaining clothes being pulled off. I must have looked really sluttish as I stood with my shoes on and my panties and tights pushed



They helped me upstairs to bed; I was so weary I don't even remember climbing in. It was late on Sunday morning when I woke up to the feel of somebody fondling my breasts and I found myself lying with a naked lad on either side of me. The lad beside me was still caressing me and I could feel him, hard and ready, pressing into my buttocks. Any remorse or guilt that may have been lurking was replaced with thoughts of carnal pleasures and I turned my back to him, allowing him to roll on top of me. He took me long and hard, which was enough to start the orgy off all over again.

During the rest of the day I revelled in their licentious behaviour as their imaginations ran riot once more. I was filled with copious amounts of spunk again and again from both ends as they fucked me with the vigour of youth. I threw aside all caution and common sense to satisfy them.

It was late in the afternoon when they eventually decided they had had enough and it was time for them to go. I

CONTINUED ON PAGE 25

Alison



Photographed by **Jeff Goodman**





When a girl like Alison comes up to you and asks if she can have a gander at your box, you don't fanny around asking her if she means the kind of groin protector the likes of Ian Botham and Mike Atherton wear. (That's because there isn't a single soul around here who gives a monkey spunk about cricket.) Of course, not checking that kind of thing can get you into a whole lot of trouble, especially when you whip out your Old Man when all Alison wanted to see was your cup. Talk about bowling a googly!


RAVERS
Alison
WS
PERFECTION

OUT & ABOUT



Mary
from Maldon



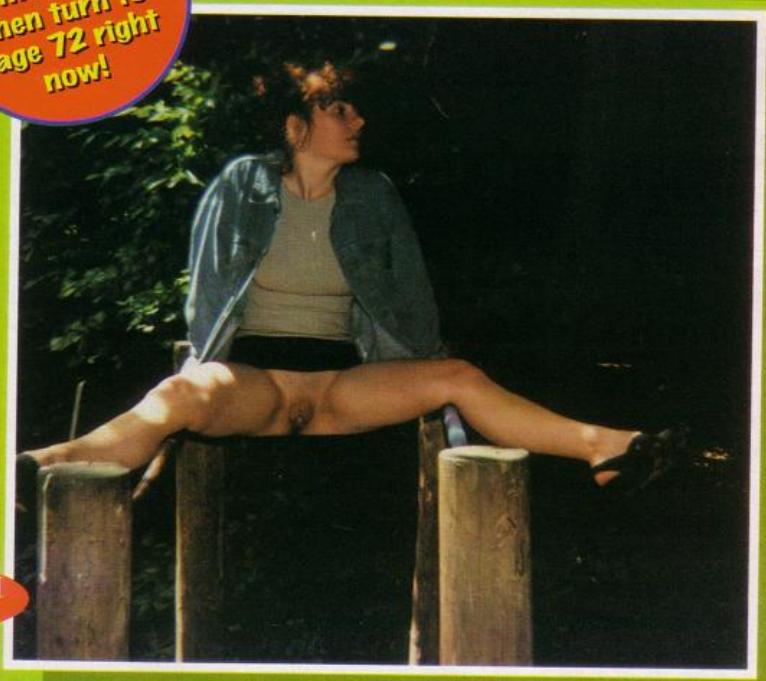




Want to see more wives? Then turn to page 72 right now!



SARAH
from York



Go wild in the country! So what if it's a bit parky out, it'll certainly make your nips stick out! This is where we showcase some of our more adventurous wives. If your missus fancies standing in a field and showing off her beauty spots, then this is the place to send 'em! In the garden, the street, fields, shopping centres, the Houses of Parliament, National Parks, National Galleries; we'll print them all, and pay you 25 quid for each one published into the bargain. Now you can't say fairer than that, can you? Get your saucy snaps in an envelope and send them to: Out & About, Ravers, Galaxy Publications Ltd., PO Box 312, Witham, Essex CM8 3SZ.

The Bang Gang



Bloody Muddy!

Photographed by **Austin Legrew**

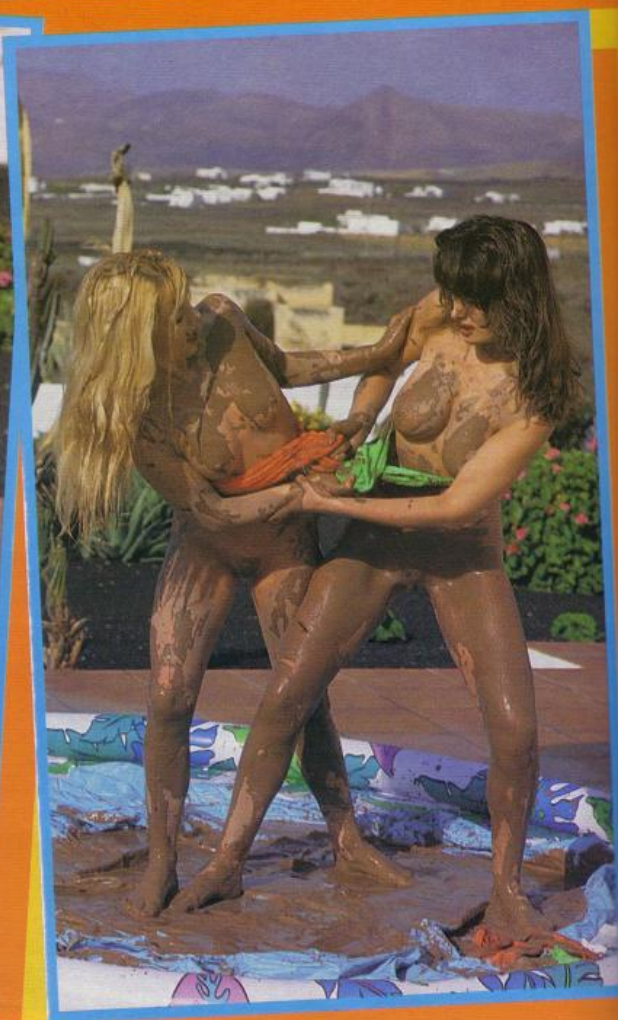




"I want to sleep with the Editor!" screeched Sammy, flicking her mane of black hair back and rubbing herself against the Ed's muscular (yeah, right) body. "No! I want him!" Sharon yelled, dragging Sammy off and tossing her into the handily-placed vat of mud. "Keep your fucking hands off him! He's all mine!" Sammy responded, dragging Sharon into the mess and rubbing mud into her pants while the Editor stood nearby, doubled up in groinal agony at the sight of his two fave girls fighting over him... He wishes!












GIRL SETS
FOR SALE
see classified section


The Bang Gang

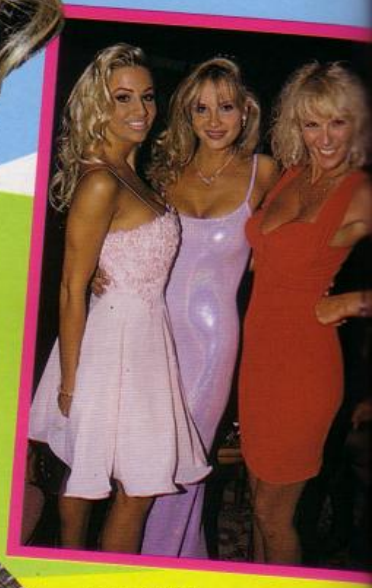


Hot to trot

The annual Hot D'Or Awards. It's the biggest Euro porn event of the year, so big that it even gets Antoinne and Jean Paul from Channel Four's Eurotrash out of the studio and over to Cannes. Short of hanging around hospitals, you'll never see so much silicon in one place. It's a voyeurs' paradise, and we sent LINZI DREW through the chunnel to have a gander at the talent on show and try to jot down some phone numbers for the Ed...



I've been off on my travels again. This time I've been mingling with the rich and famous and stripping off and topping up my tan at the glamorous resort of Cannes on the French Riviera. You have to be either rich, famous, have a sugar Daddy or a very flexible friend to spend a single day in Cannes while the film festival is in town, believe me! Of course, you'll all be dying to know if I managed to rub bosoms with any major celebs while I was there. Well, I wasn't fortunate enough to bump into the golden girl of the moment, Pamela Anderson, who had the papparazzi in one hell of a spin, but I was offered a couple of roles in blue movies! Hand in hand with the world famous Cannes film festival and its



awards, a smaller but no less glitzy and posy affair is the Hot D'or adult video awards; an annual ceremony sponsored by the French publication Hot Video, which dishes out honours and sexy little gold statuettes to the well-hung studs, nymphomaniac starlets and erotic filmmakers from all over Europe and beyond, who give their all on video and film. It's also a pretty star-studded and exciting affair, held in the ballroom at the Royal Hotel and Casino.

The poolside bar at the Royal Hotel and Casino is certainly the place to dress up and hang out if you want to tie up deals for foreign rights for adult movies, or be snapped up for a starring role by the biggest porn producers in the business. Every evening after ludicrously expensive dinners have been had by all, the players make their moves. One Japanese gent pressed me about the Pacific rim. I just thought he was being rude, not quite genuinely discussing territorial rights for Japan, Korea, Thailand and the like! And an Italian director was even trying to talk a well-kept, 30-something blonde (yes me!) into his next sex vid. Because it was in the small hours and I'd been downing the shampers for some time, I readily agreed to perform in the proposed steamy scene the following afternoon alongside John Stagliano's curvaceous girlfriend Kristi Lynn. It was only when I woke up, stone-cold sober the following morning that I realised it wasn't just Kristi's delicious pussy I'd be licking, it suddenly dawned on me that I'd more or less agreed to shag a couple of unknown Italian stallions as well, and all this on a yacht on the choppy Mediterranean! I get sea sick on a lilo, so I duly made my excuses, although I do regret not getting to grips with juicy Kristi Lynn! Talking of drooling over hot, gorgeous girlies, there certainly were plenty to choose from at the pool Press party prior to the 'big night', and some of the chaps were pretty edible, too. Beachside, in the searing sun, I posed with two of the biggest boys in the business, and I mean big in every sense of the word: Sean Michaels and Marc Davis. Sean stands at six foot three, and is the premier black performer of the moment, driving the ladies wild with a dick the size of King Dong! He also produces his own successful 'Bad Girl' series in which he selects amazing-looking black chicks and treats them to a session with his long dong! Sean was in town, as he was was nominated for 'Best American Actor'. Marc Davis, a big brute of a Brit, now lives in the States and is rapidly building a reputation for being one of the best cocksmen around, was the other stud by my side. He was in Cannes, courtesy of 'Anabolic video', the company that specialises in gang bangs, so you can bet your life that he had fun while he was in town!









Blokes aside, the beautiful babes were out in force and, consequently, so were the paparazzi. I've never seen so many cameras in my life, all heading in one direction once a pair of bouncing breasts were exposed. Naturally, mine popped out once or twice! But of course I had a job to do, I couldn't spend all my time posing with well-hung studs, flashing my tits and gorging on the sumptuous luncheon buffet, I had to mingle and chat to some of the lovely nominated stars. Of course, the ubiquitous John Wayne Bobbitt was in attendance. It had already been announced that he was to receive a special Hot D'or D'Honneur – for best man to have his penis chopped off, I suppose! He confided to me that he's expecting to make another movie soon and has spent some time recently cutting his first disc. Would you believe he's recorded a version of Chuck Berry's 'My Ding a Ling?'

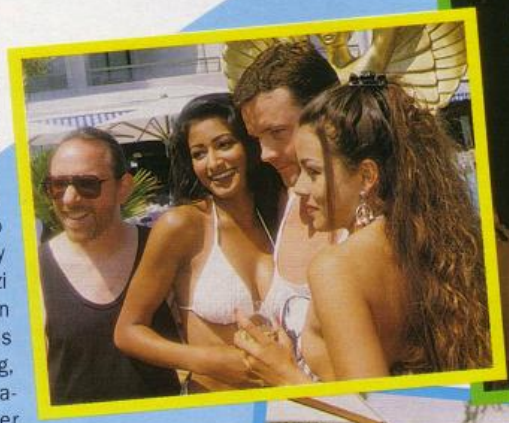
Enough of the boys, it's time I got to grips with the ladies. One starlet I got on very well with was cute, blonde, Kylie Ireland. Hot Video had flown her over from the States as she had been nominated for 'Meilleure Starlet Americaine' – an honour she picked up only a few months previously in the American AVN awards. Kylie and I got chatting about music and she told me that she was a great fan of Pink Floyd. When I happened to mention that it was my long legs and bare butt used as the poster campaign for the bass guitarist, Roger Water's solo album, 'The Pros and Cons of Hitchhiking', Kylie was absolutely flabbergasted and told

me she actually had that poster of me on her wall at home. That made my day!

Another very amenable American star I got on famously with was Ashlyn Gere, who was recently interviewed by TwoBlue, our sister title. Ashlyn won both awards for 'Best Actress' on film and video at the American ceremony, and now after making well over 100 sex movies, she told me excitedly that she had just crossed over into some straight acting roles, signing a lucrative six picture deal with a Canadian film company.

Other cuties strutting their stuff amongst the milling throng were brand new 'Wicked Video' signing, the unbelievably cute, teenage blonde Jenna Jameson, Roxanne Hall the outrageous 19 year old Brit was also there, exhibiting her naughty bits and giving the papparazzi a field day. Another Brit in attendance was Sarah Young, accompanying her husband Hans Moser who, like John Wayne Bobbitt was due to receive a special Hot D'Or Honneur. But I think the biggest draw was a luscious little brunette called Felicia. She is sweet and sexy and has fantastic hair that tumbles all the way down to her perfectly rounded arse. For the eager Press, Felicia snuggled up to Mr 'Ding a Ling' Bobbitt and Ed Powers and his sensational, looking dusky girlfriend. Ed Powers, of course, is the lucky guy who fucks one beautiful woman after another on film for his highly successful 'Dirty Debutante' series. At the entrance of the Royal Hotel and Casino to greet you every time you walked through the doors there was a blow up of Ed's face some 15 feet in size! A few of us girls posed alongside it to bring it to life and the security guys seemed only too pleased to let us have our fun!









After the frivolity of the warm up event, the big night kicked off. The fourth Hot D'Or ceremony was ready to go and the entrance to the Royal Hotel and Casino was buzzing as the nominated stars made their entrance in stretched limo after stretched limo. The Press and local bystanders cheered each arrival and battled for photographs as the stars struggled through the assembled crowd. An awful showband greeted them as they hit the red carpet and descended to the ballroom. At over £200 a ticket the ballroom was packed to capacity and even inside there were cameras absolutely everywhere. Of course, I was there in my best frock, snapping away determined to bring you all the stills to go with the gossip.

Finally after we all finished filling our faces, (there were more than 50 creamy, fattening desserts to choose from so I had a field day!) the ceremony began. The hostess for the night was Brigitte Lahie, a 30-something sophisticated blonde who some of you may remember, as she used to feature regularly in British sex mags in the early 80s. She introduced herself in several different languages and for a moment I thought I was at the Eurovision song competition and someone was going to pipe up 'Belgique nil points'!

I was delighted by some of the results that night. Rocco Siffredi picked up the award for 'Best New Director'. Since interviewing him for Knave a year or so ago, I've developed a soft spot for him, but who hasn't? Another chum of mine who was a winner, but this time wasn't there to collect her accolade was the beautiful French star, Draghixa. For her starring role in a big budget Marc Dorcel costume drama, 'La Parfum de Mathilde' Draghixa picked up 'Best European Actress'. I was fortunate enough to spend some quality time with the lovely Draghixa clamped between my hot little thighs one sunny afternoon in Spain when I booked her for my movie 'I Love Linzi Too!' and believe me, she gave one hell of a performance then! The 'Best American Actress' went to Ashlyn Gere, and Christophe 'Curvy Cock' Clarke won 'Best European Actor' for the second year in succession. Barbara Doll won the 'Best New European Starlet' while John Leslie won the award for 'Best American Director', and Ed Powers came away with yet another prize for 'Dirty Debutantes'. 'Citizen Shane', another big budget movie from Marc Dorcel was the top European film, and VCA's 'Sex' was the big American success. Unlike the Palm D'or awards just along the beach in Cannes, a Brit didn't win a single award on this auspicious occasion. The nearest we came was a nomination for Sarah Young who, as you probably know, no longer resides in the UK. Still, seeing as we live in a country which arrests and imprisons people who make or deal in erotic material, it's not really that surprising is it? Enough said!

Rave On!





saw them to their taxi as naked as I had been all day, not caring who saw me exposed for the wanton slut I am.

Once they had gone, I soaked my sore and weary body in a hot bath and reflected on what had taken place. I began to worry when I thought of them bragging to everyone. There was also the small matter of contraception. My husband always uses condoms, but in the heat of the moment, we had not used any.

All this happened several weeks ago, since then I have missed my period so it would appear that one of my fears will be realised. In addition, the other day at work one of the girls mentioned that she had been in the same club the week before and a couple of young lads had asked where I was. They managed to get both my name and address. Maybe I'll hear from them soon. Rest assured, if I do, you will too.

Thelma, Cheshire.

Middle-Aged Spread 'Em

I first felt desire for mature women at the young age of 18. Janice, my mother's friend, who is 42 years of age, is an



CONTINUED ON PAGE 32

TOP TITS

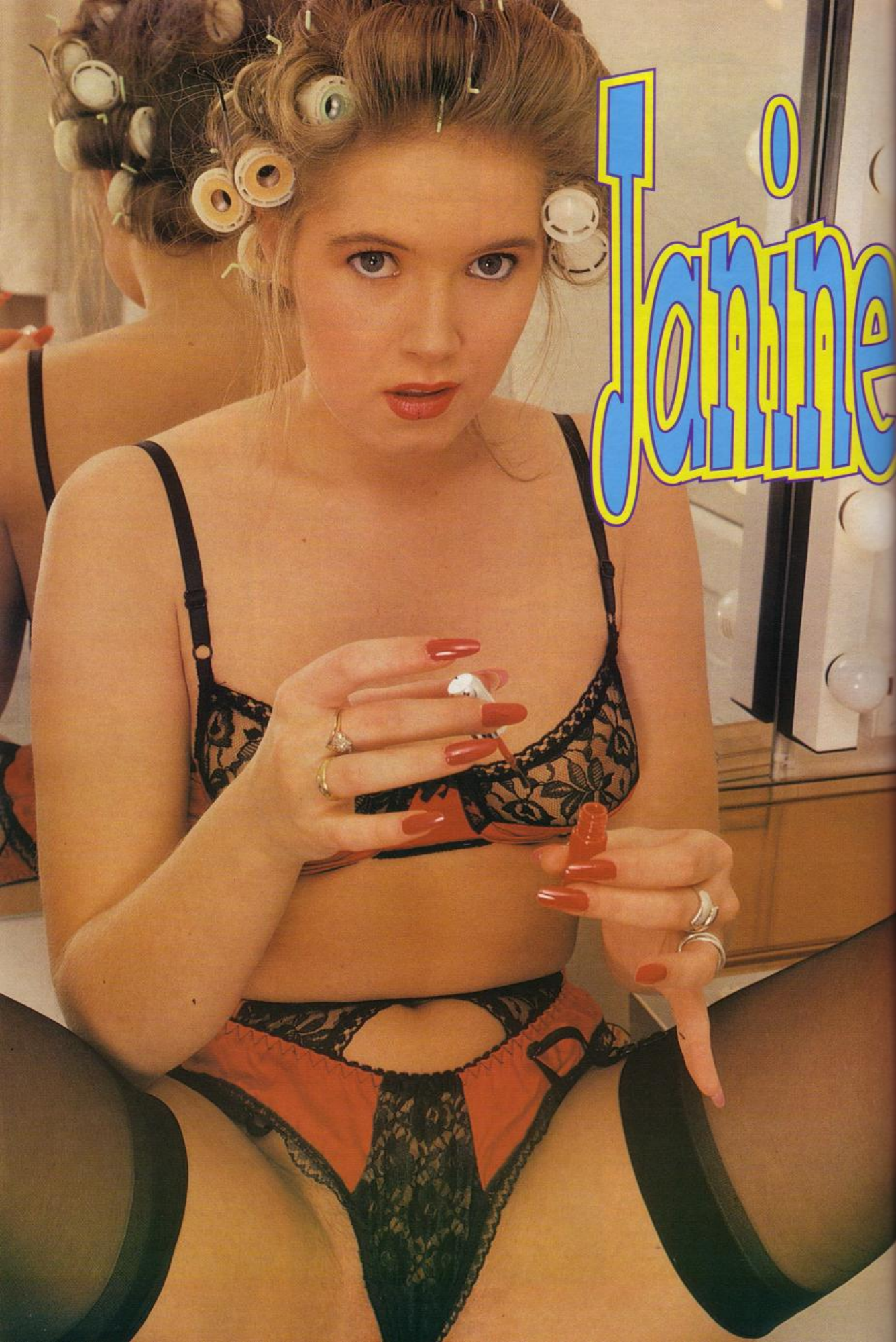
RAVERS TOP TITS OF THE MONTH • RAVERS TOP TITS OF THE MONTH •

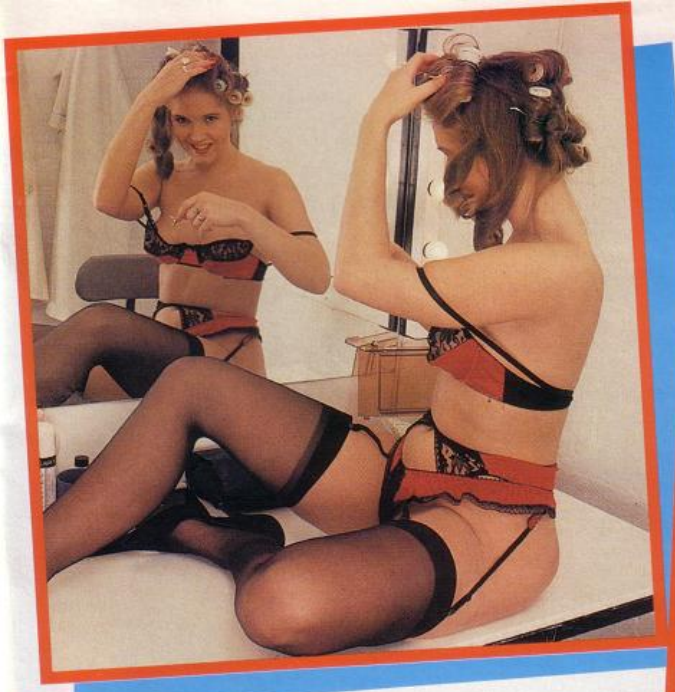






Yowza! Hey fellas, say hi to Jane from Clifton, we're sure you'll agree that she's top bollock-tastic. It's only the mammoth mamms that make it into Top Tits and the whopping prongs of lust that these nibblesome nips aroused in the office meant that we had to bring 'em to your attention straight away. Have you got acces to a pair of terrific tits? If so, don't bogart thos boobs, bubba, send some sexy snaps to : ***TI Ravers, Galaxy Publications Ltd, PO Box 312 Witham, Essex, CM8 3SZ. We'll give you £2 per snap published, so hop to it!***


Janine



We nearly had to abandon this shoot on account of Janine taking so bleedin' long to get her make-up sorted! It was only after she agreed to poke her bum into the Ed's face that we were allowed to go ahead again. Still, it could have been worse; he might've wanted to join in the set and turn it into a boy-girl shoot!





Photographed by **Seymour Gash**








GIRL SETS FOR SALE
free classified section




FINALE


Janine
RAVERS



teased, and then went downstairs to do some housework. I started to put up the shelves, and in about an hour I finished and then went downstairs.

I called for Jan and she returned the call by saying, "I'll be there in a tick, Dave." As I sat down she returned to the room wearing a rather tight T-shirt with no bra and clearly showed her protruding nipples.

As Janice walked about the room her boobs bounced up and down and she was very aware of me gazing at them.

She gave a smile as she caught my eye staring at her boobs and said, "I'm going upstairs to see the shelves."



As I went to switch the telly on, I looked down and saw her red jumper on the floor tangled up with her black bra; she put the act up on purpose to tease me.

As I heard her footsteps coming down I quickly rushed back to the sofa and acted as if nothing had happened. She then came down and thanked me for the marvellous work I did. "It was nothing," I said as I stared her in the eye. Then she came towards the sofa and sat down next to me, giving me a hug. Her huge boobs squashed me, her hard erect nipples were scraping my chest which made my cock tingle.

She pulled away to sit back on the sofa properly. As she did so her mini skirt rose, revealing the tops of her black stockings.

We were both viewing the telly until she started teasing me again by opening her legs wider and moving closer towards me. A bulge started to appear in my jeans which I had to cover with both hands.

She moved back on the sofa until her mini skirt rose enough



to show the white flesh of her thighs. As I looked more and more at her lovely thighs my eye caught hers, and she smiled while I quickly pulled my face away in embarrassment.

Jan then grabbed my hand, pulled her mini skirt up and placed my hand on her thigh saying, "There was no need to get embarrassed. I'm sorry if I teased you."

From her soft warm thighs my hand drifted up to her crotch; her panties were soaking wet from her hot juices.

As I took my other hand away from my trousers, Jan saw my bulge, turned to me and kissed me with her wet lips. She pulled up her T-shirt to reveal her breasts and returned to kiss me again, her tongue probing in my mouth.

We kissed for a couple of minutes with my finger and thumb squeezing her nipple until she moved back holding her breasts and said, "Suck them...suck them hard."

I licked, sucked and bit her nipples, making them red and swollen until

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Be A Supermodel in Your Own Home!!!



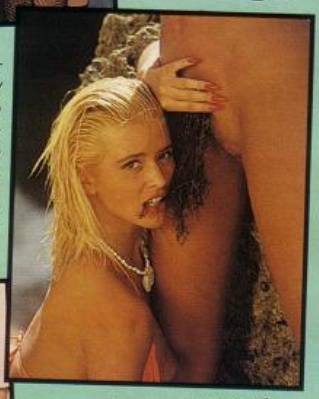
Claudia! Helena! Kate!

Girls – it's tough at the top, but if you want to follow in the footsteps of Claudia, Helena and Kate, check out the following questionnaire and see if you've got what it takes to tread the catwalk for the world's top designers and earn millions!



Modelling is an incredibly intense business, and with all those poses to hold, do you have the ability to catch a few minutes shut-eye at the drop of a hat, no matter how apparently uncomfortable it may seem?

YES/NO?



Eating, too, is often a rush job during a hard day of shooting. You may not even be able to break from the pose you have struck. Can you digest in positions such as these? And remember, to maintain that top model figure, you're only allowed to eat twigs and earth. Can you take it?

YES/NO?



Make-up done, you approach the set. Then you realise that the undies you have been supplied with are way too big. Do you complain and fall over? Or make the best of a bad bunch?

YES/NO?



After seven hours' solid filming, you finally get a fag. Mid smoke the photographer says, "Pose for me, luvvy." Could you smoke and project smouldering sexuality and help your snapper capture a big contract with Benson & Hedges?

YES/NO?

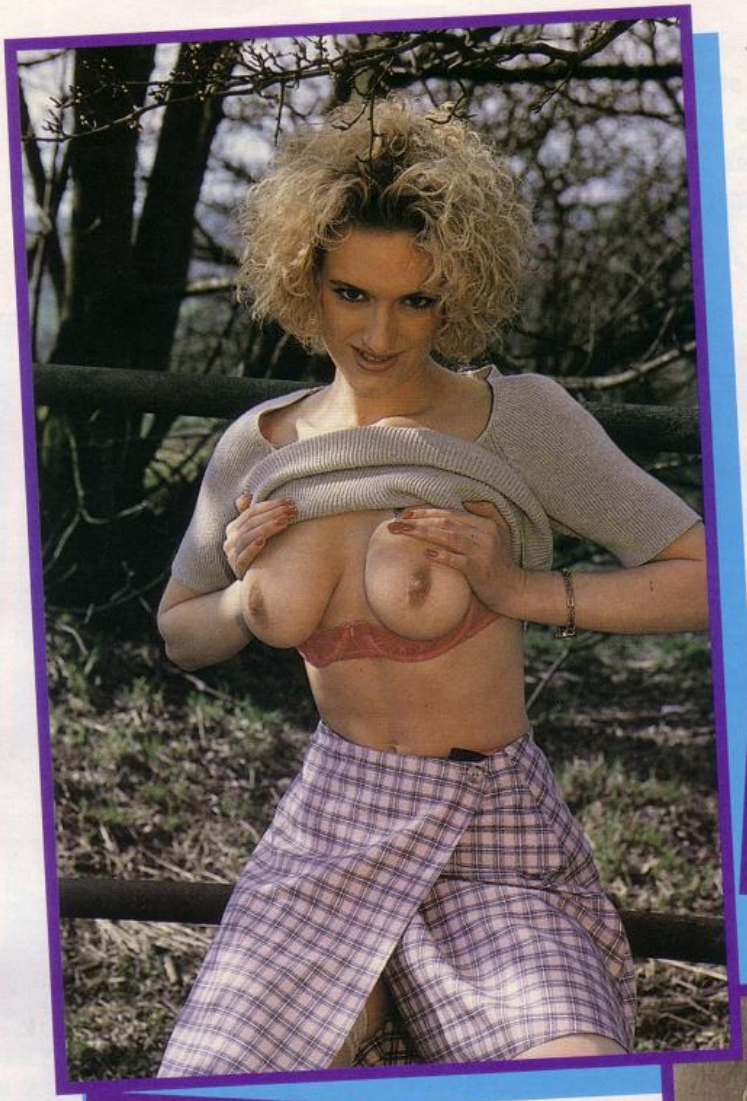
If you answered mainly 'Yes', then congratulations – you can be a supermodel in your own home! If you answered mainly 'No', please send us some photos of yourself with your pants down. You can reach us at the usual address...

Feet. Can't say that they give me a stiffy the size of the Empire State Building, but we've had tonnes of letters from feet fans who reckon this bit is the tops for toes. The thing is, we could do with a few more piccies of readers' tootsies, so if you think your plates of meat are up to it, let us know. We'll pay £25 for every one we print. **Write to:**
TJ, Ravers, Galaxy Publications Ltd., PO Box 312, Witham, Essex CM8 3SZ.















Outdoors or indoors, our Ravers just don't care! Elaine likes a bit of a romp in the wood provided the weather's warm enough, just so long as she gets the chance to make an obscene phonecall to the Ed's answering machine. Then, if he's not in, she nips round to his house and rubs her fanny all over his hearth rug. Don't ask me why she does it; all I know is that he pays her £20 each time she does. He's a right pervy, I can tell you.

Elaine





Photographed by **Phil Oplan**






Elaine
RAVERS





Photographed by **Daniel Mayor**



Karen







Back in school, when I was a nipper, I used to go out with a girl called Karen. Of course, it's not this one. My Karen was a psycho hosebeast of the first degree. A bit like my wife, actually, but less prone to insane outbursts of violence. No, the Karen I knew kicked a mate of mine in the nads so hard that he had to hospital with a ruptured testicle! This Karen would never do anything like that. Not unless you tried to tickle her fanny with your knob while she was asleep after the shoot...


Karen
RAVERS



Fanny Batter's AGONY HOUR!



Got a problem with your husband and his weird rubber fetish? Overgrown pubes getting you down? Or maybe you're just in the mood to bang a few piercings into your knob and roll around in mud for a while. Whatever your pleasure, FANNY BATTER is here to help. Just send her your problems and she and Delilah will have a good laugh at them before she answers! Send them to: FB, Ravers, Galaxy Publications Ltd., PO Box 312, Witham, Essex CM8 3SZ.



Dear Fanny,
My boyfriend and I have always enjoyed a healthy and very sexual relationship. Recently, however, things have changed – and not for the better. My boyfriend has become very submissive during sex and insists on being treated like a slave. To this end, I have to dress up as a dominatrix, the full leather gear and everything, whilst he kneels on the ground dressed entirely in rubber and insists on being referred to only as, 'The Gimp.'

Many people would not see this as a problem, but the thing is that leather and rubber bore me rigid. As you can see from the enclosed photo, the mere touch of black studded leather, stockings and thigh length black shiny boots makes me yawn. I tried telling my boyfriend about this, but he couldn't hear me because of the rubber mask he was wearing.

I am at my wits end. What can I do?

Samantha, Colchester.

Well Sam, you are in a bit of a pickle, aren't you? I feel that in this situation, a violent or heated confrontation may be of little use. He'd only enjoy it. Perhaps you should look at yourself more. I feel that, as long as no-one gets hurt, then it's all right. You may find the sight of your boyfriend looking ridiculous somewhat disconcerting, but when it comes down to it, most men look ridiculous at some point or another. I believe it's in their nature. One final thing that might help is not to look at it as losing a boyfriend; see it instead as gaining a coffee table.

Dear Fanny,
What, pray tell, is an orgasm? My girlfriend complains that I never give her one, but as hard as I look, I cannot find one anywhere. Is it a type of berry perhaps?

Jim, Coventry.

Jim, you're taking the piss, aren't you? I certainly hope so, for your girlfriend's sake at least. I showed Delilah your letter and she said to say that making love is like making ice cream, the longer you take, the creamier the end result!

Dear Fanny,
My problem is especially embarrassing as I am a soldier by trade and thus the other blokes in my squad rip the living piss out of me whenever this happens. I find more and more as I get older that I am sexually aroused by the sight of small firearms. As a soldier I get to carry a fuck off huge gun, which is okay as it doesn't give me any pleasure, but at parades and official functions where small arms will be on display, I have a terrible and almost uncontrollable urge to jump on said devices and make mad passionate love to them there and then. I haven't had a real girlfriend in five years. Help me, Fanny, I am in hell.

Sgt Mjr Williams, Berlin.

I'd suggest you accept your fantasy and buy a Derringer. They're small, easily concealed and, like you, are a 'small bore'.





Dear Fanny,
I am interested in getting a few genital piercings but, unfortunately, know little about where to go or how they are done.
Can you offer me any advice on how I might possibly go about getting my bell-end sorted. If so, I would be very grateful.

Jeff, Rhyl.

Well, Jeff, I'm afraid I can't really help you out, not having any piercings myself. There is no legislation requiring training for piercers in this country, so the best way to find someone good is by reputation. A friend of mine tells me that, as far as aftercare is concerned, various piercers give various recommendations as to what to use, so again, go to a recommended piercer. Have fun!

Hello Fanny,
I'm writing to say how great I think you are and I want to tell you what I like best about Ravers. I think the best thing about the magazine is the Bang Gang. I have always thought that food is a very sensual thing and I always get turned on by the idea of having sex whilst covered in all variety of quality foodstuffs. Therefore just knowing that every month there will be lovely girls covered in muck just waiting to be ogled makes me spunk my load in a matter of seconds. I love the Bang Gang, and I think you're lovely too.

Patrick, East London.

Thanks Dad, it's nice to know that you take pride in what I do! Seriously though, it's always nice to have letters telling me what they like about the mag, and suggestions for ways to improve it.

Dear Fanny,
Why don't you show us a picture of yourself with your articles? I'm sure that many readers apart from myself are interested to see how you look and it would be nice to see what you actually look like, rather than having to imagine it. Surely you're not to shy to let us see you in all your glory. After all, I reckon you must have a lot to offer any man, and I think you should share it with all of us.

Mike, Dundee.

Dear Mike, I'm afraid that you'll just have to keep on dreaming. The thing is, you see, that I like about this job is that I know that all the readers try to imagine what I look like. In fact, if you want, tell me what you think I look like and I may well tell you more in a future issue.

Hi Fanny,
I am writing to you as I have a somewhat embarassing problem. To cut a long story short – literally – I suffer from an especially large pubic hair growth. I like to keep myself shaven but the speed with which my hair grows back means that I have to shave myself at least once a week. As much as I enjoy the smooth feel of panty material against my fanny, it's getting to be a bit of a bore. Can you give me any advice?

Jane, Newcastle.

Well Jane, they say a change is as good as a rest. Maybe you should let your bush grow back for a while, then when you do shave it will make a more noticeable change. I shave myself, but not all the time as I like the contrast as well as the fact that shaving all the time can make you a bit dry and sore.



Fanny Batter's Guide to Scoring

There's no-one in defence, the goalie's stumbled and he's clear all the way to the fanny...he shoots, he scores! That's the way it's supposed to be, but the game of lurve is rarely that simple. Cheating works, and so does The Ravers Guide. Just make sure you follow the rules, and a shag could well be on the cards... we just can't guarantee anything, that's all!



If you get the chance to check beforehand, always test the moistness of your upcoming partner's knickers. If they're wet and drippy, you're there. If they're bone dry, order her another bottle of campari.



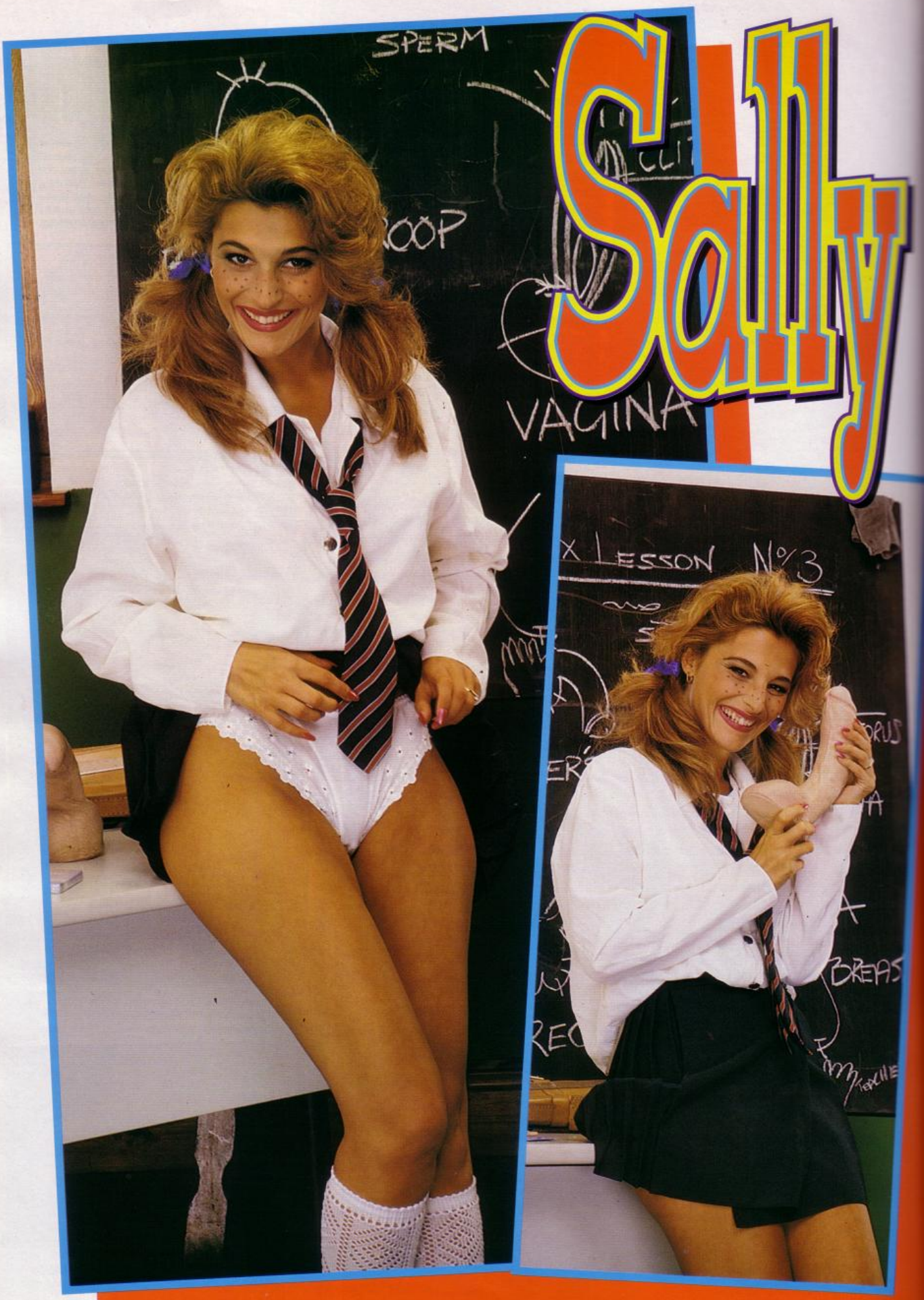
If you find a fat woman, go for it. They're always keen for a rasping, and rarely turn down an offer unless you forget to wash. Just remember that normal surfing rules apply.



Always carry at least one condom with you at all times. Even if you don't get to use it yourself, you can still make a couple of quid selling it to one of your mates.



Remember: ugly women always have good-looking friends. It's always worth trying to pick up an ugly girl just so that her mate thinks you're dead nice –she may shag you at a later date.


Sally
SPERM
VAGINA
LESSON Nº3
BREAS



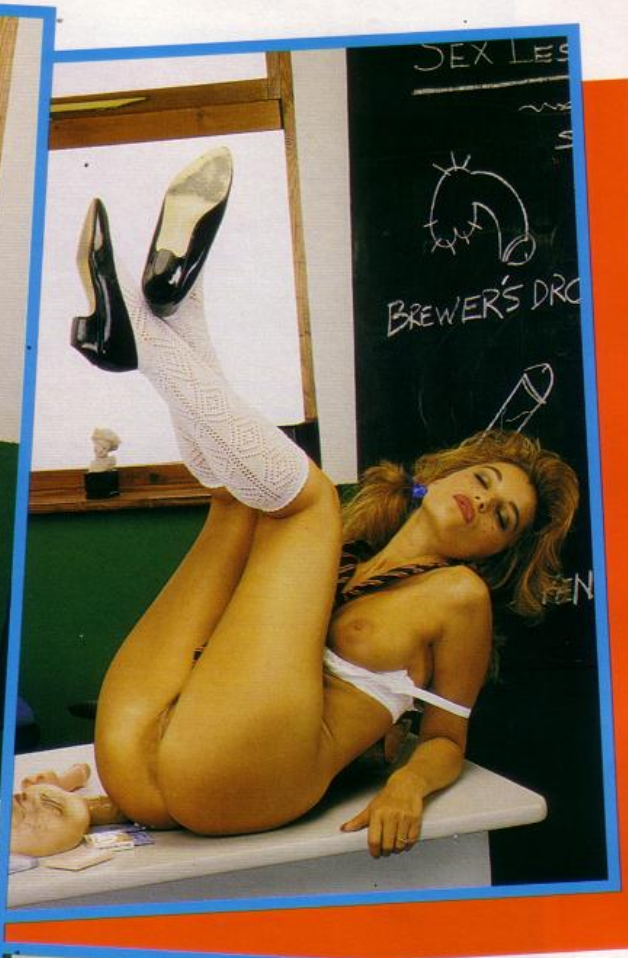
We take sex education very, very seriously here at Ravers. So seriously, in fact, that when sexy little Sally popped in for a shoot, we made damned sure that she knew the business end of a Jeff Stryker dildo so that she didn't confuse it with the Ed's sad little specimen. In his dreams. The whole thing wasn't just an excuse to see her in a pair of ankle socks and a short pleated skirt. No siree... Now if you'll excuse me, I'm off to polish my brasses...

Photographed by **Karl Wilson**




GIRL SETS FOR SALE
see classified section




SEX LES
BREWER'S DRO


T PENIS

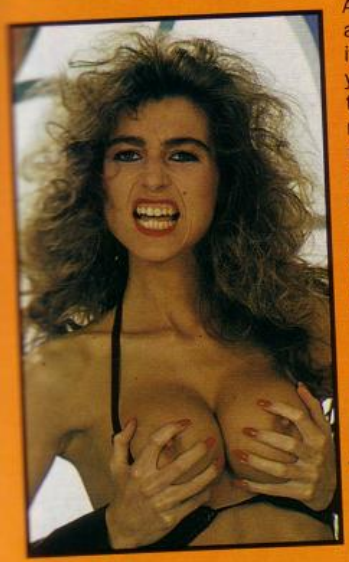

Toucher


RAVERS
Sally



Masochists Corner!

Presented by
Olga P. Flange
High Priestess of Pain and Humiliation



All right scumbags, Olga here and, before you ask, of course it's not my real name. Dogs like you have no right to know anything about me. You will call me mistress at all times and you may only read this whilst bending double with your buttocks exposed in a position ripe for spanking. You deserve it and you know you want it. Have you been bad recently? Is there a crime for which swift, merciless retribution is the only answer? Then write to me at: **I Obey, Ravers, Galaxy Publications Ltd., PO Box 312, Witham, Essex CM8 3SZ.** You'll get what's coming to you, dirtbags.

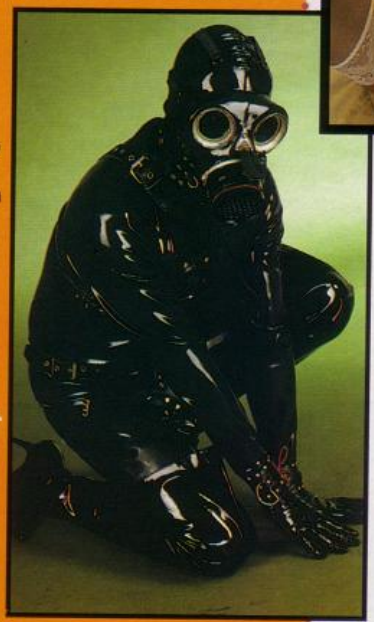
This month's pitiful excuse for a snivelling sack of shit is Duncan from Coventry...

Dear Olga,

I am scum. Abuse me. I deserve it. As a man I admit to leering at other women when out with my girlfriend, even though I know it annoys her. When she tells me to stop I reply, "As long as I don't touch, you've nothing to complain about." This makes her shut up and I do it more and more often to annoy her. I really want her to punish me and make me pay for this unforgivable sin, but she doesn't understand. Please, O Reverend Mistress of Pain; treat me like the dog I am.

Duncan, Ipswich.

Duncan, I am going to come up to your home in Coventry and I am going to treat you as you deserve to be treated. I will film you as you lick the toilet bowl and then show the video to your girlfriend. You're a scumbag. Now run away quickly, little man.





she could take no more.

"Come on upstairs," she said, holding my hand lightly. As she led me upstairs into her bedroom, she kicked off her high heels from each foot. While I started stripping, Jan removed her T-shirt which revealed the biggest melons I've ever seen, and then followed by her mini skirt which showed her damp knickers.

Jan then sat at the edge of the bed and removed her knickers which showed her blonde pubic bush and her pussy lips which were pink and wet. From there she removed her black suspender belt and then slowly peeled off her right stocking, with me standing in front of her wearing just a pair of boxer shorts.

I then grabbed her left leg and started slowly peeling off her other stocking. As the stocking passed the foot and toes a lovely sweaty smell drifted through my nose. I couldn't resist licking the soles of her feet which were tough and leathery, but smooth and very sensitive. From her soles I went to her toes with their bright red painted nails. I popped her toes in my mouth, sucking on them while she got her right foot and gently rubbed my dick with her sole. With her toes in my mouth I got my tongue and licked the sweat out from between each gap.

As I pulled away, Jan got up, pulled my boxer shorts down and sighed at my tool, as I have an 8 incher. Later I found out that her husband's was much smaller and he only fucked Jan about once a month.





Jan then threw me back first on her soft bed and then grabbed my prick with both hands. She gently started kissing and licking my purple knob until she took most of it in her mouth when she felt my cock at the back of her throat.

She worked her way up and down my shaft leaving traces of the red lipstick she was wearing all over my tool.

"I'm coming...I'm coming," I shouted, as I felt my sperm at the back of my cock.

She then started sucking my penis again to retrieve more spunk which made my penis all dry.

I then positioned her with her back on the bed and pressed her knees right against her breasts. As I moved my head in between her willing thighs she clasped her legs tightly to my head. I then got my fingers and parted her pussy lips which revealed a nice pink pussy and clitoris.

I sniffed her lovely cunt and then slithered my tongue through her moist fanny lips onto her clitoris. "Ooh, ooh that's lovely," Jan moaned as I used my tongue to flick and tease her lusty clit.

Jan was about to achieve a climax and shouted, "Fuck

CONTINUED ON PAGE 60

Melanie

Ever since I stopped smoking, I've had this strange craving to see naked, pussy-pouting fucklovelies sucking on B&Hs. Call me a perv if you like, but it's the nearest I'm allowed to get to smoking these days on doctor's orders. I don't mind, I was beginning to get out of breath just watching the models take their clothes off. Now I can at least manage to breathe until they get down to their knickers, and I get all the benefits of passive smoking, too!







Photographed by **John Mason**







RAVERS

Melanie



me now...fuck it up me now!" I carried on teasing as she had done to me downstairs. As I bit and chewed her clit her moans got louder, she started breathing heavier and then she grabbed her large breasts and started to pinch her nipples.

As Jan was about to come she gave a loud moan of sheer excitement and creamed all over my face as she orgasmed. I licked up all the cream and bubbly juices from her foaming hole.

Then I moved away from Jan's thighs and up to her body. She grabbed me and passionately french kissed me, tasting her own juices, while I stuck a finger up her greasy tube.

Jan stopped kissing me and put her tongue in my ear. She whispered, "Dave...will you please fuck me now...I'm sorry if I teased you earlier...I want you up me badly...please." I said, "Yes darling...I'm going to fuck you now," then slid back down off the bed with her legs stretched out and her fingers parting her pussy lips. She shouted, "Fuck me hard you pussy lover."

As I got on top of her she grabbed my penis and guided it to her fishy-fuck hole. I had my knob in her wet labia and then she gave a slight moan as I pushed my cock all the way in, to places her husband's cock had never reached. She wrapped her



legs and feet firmly around my back and clung on to me, digging her long painted fingernails into my buttocks. I started to fuck Jan slowly in and out of her slippery vagina.

As I started fucking her quicker she started squirming and scratching my bare bottom, still keeping up the pace. Jan had only experienced one cock in her life, her husband's, and this was obviously all new to her.

I was now really fucking Jan hard, which made her scream and give me a powerful love-bite on my neck. I then stopped my movement and pulled my wet cock out of her deep pussy which was covered with pubic hairs, and told her I wanted her doggy fashion.

She positioned herself on the bed on her hands and knees with her arse in the air, legs widened ready for me to enter.

As I entered her soaking smelly pussy from behind she shouted out, "Fuck me hard...fill me up with your tasty spunk." I then started to fuck Jan's arse really hard which made her scream like a big wild cat. The bed started creaking and her huge breasts started to sway and slap from side to side. So I cupped them with my hands, parting my fingers for her nipples to stick out. As her quim was well slippery my movement quickened and Jan started moving in rhythm as well, which made my balls slap the lips of her hairy pussy. She was now moaning and screaming so loud I thought the neighbours would hear!

Jan then felt herself coming



and shouted, "Spunk deep inside my womb...I want your baby-making spunk up me."

As she neared orgasm, I also felt myself coming so I grabbed her arse cheeks with each hand and stuffed my cock all the way in, until my cock shuddered and a hot stream of spunk spat deep inside this mature lady's hungry vagina.

As I pulled out of her spunk-filled motherly hole we both collapsed and fell on the bed on top of each other, exhausted.

We spent another hour in bed licking, sucking, juicing, fucking and spunking each other. I also tit-fucked Janice's overgrown boobs and creamed all over them which then was licked up by her desperate tongue.

The bed sheets had to be changed, as they were stained with pussy juice and spunk. I then quickly returned home before her husband, who was due home any minute arrived. After that day my holidays weren't wasted, but

CONTINUED ON PAGE 98

FAVE RAVES



Into The Pits

What You Will Need:

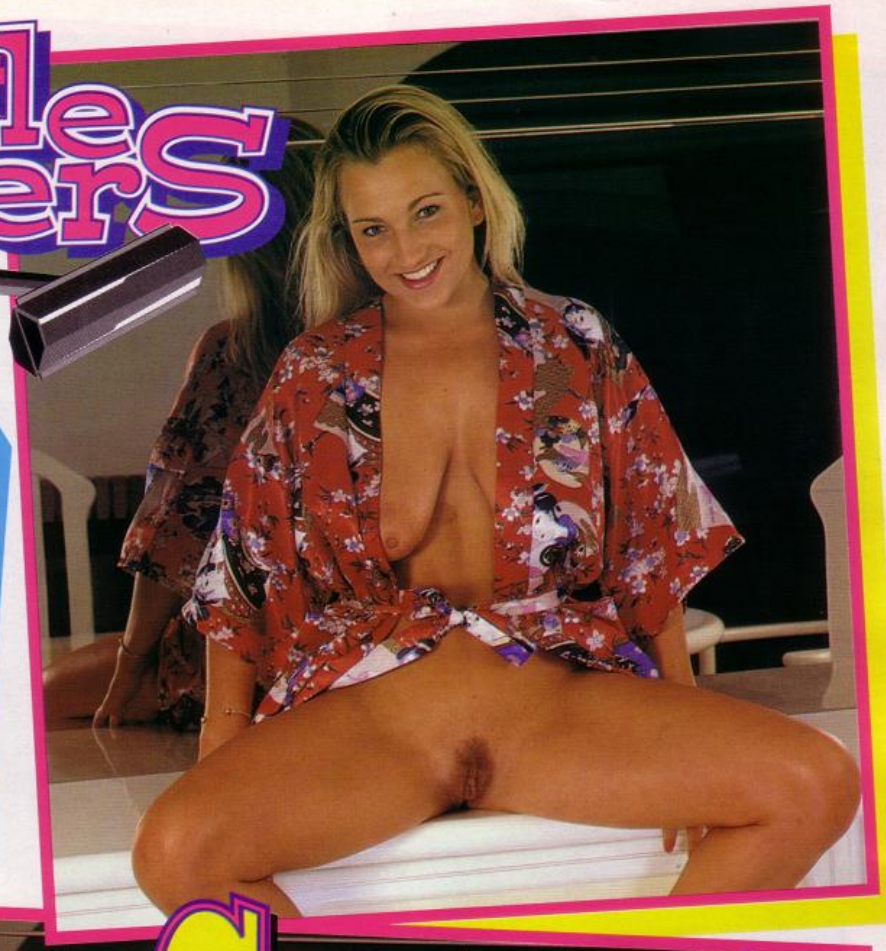
- 1 x unshaven armpit
- 1 x erect cock
- 1 x container of lubricant
- 1 x backsplash board
- 1 x magazine or book



Method:

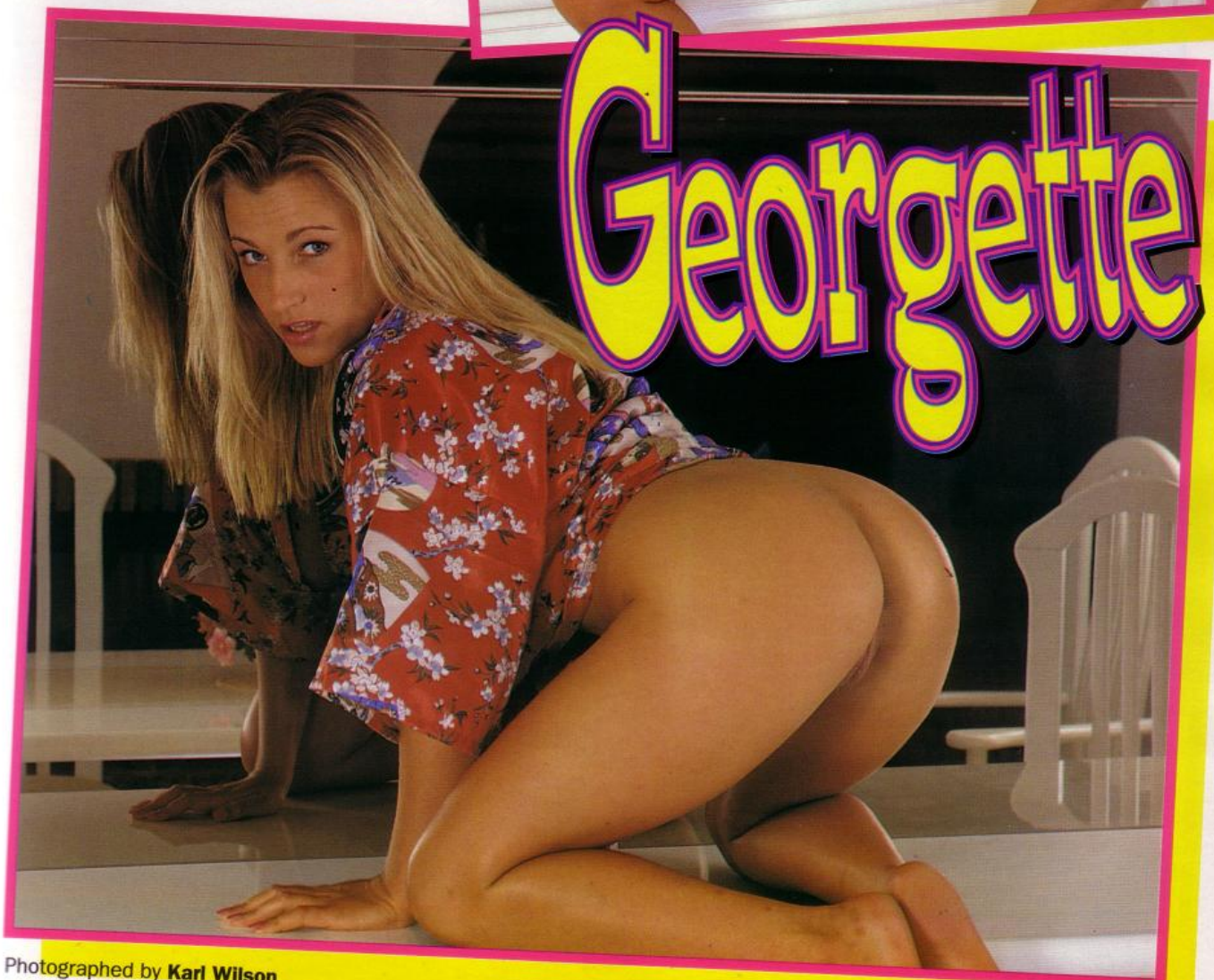
Ask your partner not to shave her armpits for a few days, ensuring a thick, lustrous coat of hair under her arms. Next, in order to cause your partner as little discomfort as possible, place a good book or magazine in her hands and smear liberal amounts of lubricant onto your throbbing Johnson. Now, while your partner is distracted by her magazine, place your spunk backsplash board behind her armpit and gently slide your stiff member into her armpit and thrust slowly, making sure that your back board is firmly in place behind the chair to catch any overspill when you come. Continue to thrust until you reach your vinegar strokes. To make it more exciting, why not paint or draw the face of your favourite celebrity onto your backboard and award yourself points for hitting them?

Little Shavers



You can't beat a bald babe, and Georgette has done us proud with this one. When we asked her if she'd mind hacking her hair off for your enjoyment, we weren't sure what she'd say. So when she told us that she prefers a clean shaven fanny to a hairy minge, we were delighted. In fact, it's unusual for her to be hairy, since she spends most of her time with a bald eagle, as it were. And no, she didn't let us trim her tufty bits first. Even though we begged!

Georgette



Photographed by **Karl Wilson**












Little
Shavers


Georgette
RAVERS

Stark Ravers!!

Fancy yourself as a model, eh? Reckon you've got what it takes to keep our readers randy? Well now's your chance. Stark Ravers is yours to fill with all your favourite naughty pictures, and we're constantly on the lookout for more. So grab your camera and get snapping, vicar. We'll need at least five pictures of you and/or your missus baring all, and we'll pay you 25 quid per picture printed! Polaroids or photos are fine, but I'm afraid that we can't develop your films for you! (Who do you think we are? Boots the Chemist?!) Send your sexy snaps to: SR, Ravers, Galaxy Publications Ltd., PO Box 312, Witham, Essex CM8 3SZ.







Barbara
Norfolk


Nicola
Aberdeen







Mary
Belfast


Carla
Shropshire







Jenny
Middlesex

STARK RAVING BONKERS!!

Send us your starkers and we'll pay 25 snots for every shot we print! To give us the best choice of piccies, we'll need at least five photos or polaroids of your missus with her kit off. The more you send, the more we can print and the more you earn! And if you send a Rave On! letter with them, we'll stick your piccies in the letters' section and give everyone a thrill! Come on you lot, don't be shy! Get your cameras out and start snapping! Send your Stark Ravers, complete with this form to: SR, Ravers, Galaxy Publications Ltd., PO Box 312, Witham, Essex CM8 3SZ.

Name Address

.....

.....Wife/Girlfriends Name

No. of Pictures Measurements

The Very Best Of British!

British Hardcore Sex Videos That Prove: We DO IT Better!

B.o.B.V. Sales, 14 Bourne Road, Bexley, Kent DA5 1LU

Shot entirely by Camcorder-wielding British Amateurs -for You to See Absolutely Everything!

British 18 year olds - £19.95

This video features only girls of 18 years of age. If you enjoy 18 year old beauties, I can certainly recommend you to this highly desirable video. You'll only see teenage girls. There is really something about 18 year old girls, isn't there? Their skin is so fresh, their eyes so clear and their bosoms, well, their bosoms come in all shapes and sizes. Some of these girls have small pert tits, a few are still under-developed, others have healthy looking firm boobs and some have huge, full bosoms. This video is chock-a-block full of British 18 year olds, from all four nations. We have blondes, brunettes and a red-head. Some pose alone, stripping and playing with themselves. Others pose shyly with men. Others dress in school uniform and show themselves to you, then they strip, then their lovers take them and we watch these exquisite 18 year olds being shagged. It's high charged erotic viewing. If you love young girls in their first flush of love and lust, this is essential viewing. The girls are all wonderful and the good news is we have three more volumes of this series to be released in the next twelve moths or so. British Teenagers are the sexiest bunch of teenagers around. Some are shy, others are almost (they admit) addicted to sex. What they are prepared to do is astonishing. To look at them you'd think that butter wouldn't melt in their mouths, but it is close. This video has something for everybody who is a fan of British 18 year olds. Strip scenes and sex scenes, innocent looking girls, teeny girls who look so downright sexy and dirty that you won't believe it. This video is highly recommended to everyone. The 18 year old girls who appear on it are not models. They are normal teenage girls, the type you see on the train, on the check-out till (one works on the till at a nationwide supermarket chain - check her out - she works at the branch in Lincoln). They're office juniors, they're sales assistants in clothes shops, they're the youth of Britain. They're sexy and you'll go wild for them. Yes, they are so vibrant, so sexy, so pure, they are almost worth dying for.





British Couples - £19.95

Since it was first released in the autumn of 1992, this has been our number one best selling video. Why? The reason is simple. It is chock-a-block full of different British couples enjoying their nookie quota. Few things are free in this debt-ridden Great Britain of the 1990s. One thing is still good though - f**king! Sex is free. Sex is good. Sex is natural and good sex is a delight to watch - as I'm 100% sure you'll agree. This sampler video features loads of British couples getting their kicks for Free, by screwing for your viewing entertainment. What type of girls or women do you fancy? It doesn't really matter, because on this video there's something for everyone. This video has older women, it has sexy 18 year olds, it has women in their twenties, thirties, forties, fifties and sixties. It has straight sex, it has kinky sex. It has group scenes, lesbo scenes, school uniforms, nurses uniforms, directoire knickers, knee socks, stockings, super sexy lingerie, vibrators, dildoes, tennis rackets, rude food and fetish acts - a little bit of everything and a lot of horniness. White girls, black girls, even an indian girl and a chinese lady. this is quite often the first video that people buy from us. Then they complain! They say 'there wasn't enough of Sarah and Robert' or 'Tut, haven't you got any more of Betty, Brian and Doug?' Well... yes of course we have, - we've more of everything. So, if your idea of good viewing is a roller-coaster ride through many of our British couples then you need this. Don't just dream about watching a load of British sex addicts doing it. Watch them in confidential close-up action. Draw the curtains, put the video tape into the machine, press the play button and then ... Who says Fantasy land doesn't truly exist. These are genuine 'normal' British couples, the types you see at the local shopping mall or in the queue at the cinema or playing with their kids in the park on a Sunday morning. Only in this video, you see them as nature intended: enjoying each other. It is the most eye opening hour of sex you might ever see. It has it all and it's 100% British and 100% full of amateur sex participants (teenagers to grannies).





Older Women Volume 1- £19.95

This is the first of our Older Women video series. If you get this one and enjoy it (which you will, I promise) then your luck is in. There are three more volumes available for you to feast your eyes upon. Volume 1 is considered a collector's item by many of our clients. It is simply amazing. It is stunningly erotic. If you like older women, that is. This video features only women aged 48 years and over. There are ladies in their forties, ladies in their fifties and even ladies in their sixties. They come in all shapes and sizes, some are fat, some are thin. Some have enormous ripe bosoms, others are skinny and as flat as a witch's tit. From all around Britain (literally, Erica aged 55 sent her tape in from the Orkney Isles), we bring you the horniest grannies in Britain. All strip for you, all display their old fashioned underwear (some men find directoires very sexy, you know). There are support corsets, girdles and cross-your-heart bras and old fashioned stockings. This video shows older woman after older woman. Each one does her 'turn', to turn you on. It's an older woman sex-fans paradise, a Nirvana filled with mature sexy women all of whom want one thing and one thing only - to turn you on. They each have different methods to achieve this. Some stare provocatively straight at the camera, knowing their sexuality. Others are demure, shyly looking away. Others just want to mother you, still others merely want to turn you on. They want to know that you're going to pull your trousers down because of the effect they have on you. Enough talk. Now the action. Get this video and enjoy. I've decided that if you like older women, words cannot describe the thrills you're headed for, so I won't go on any longer.





Young British Lesbians- £19.95

We weren't even sure if teenage lesbians existed, but they do. Wow, do they ever!!! One of the girls told me that Queen Victoria did not believe in lesbians. She couldn't comprehend what two girls could do to each other; that's why homosexuality is illegal to under 21s, but not lesbianism. Well... after the shock of this video, if Queen Victoria was still around, we could certainly fill her in on what lesbianism is all about. The girls on this video are all aged 18 or nineteen. They are either 100% lesbian or they swing both ways. They are the horniest bunch of teenage girls around. I've watched this video about fifty times in the last few weeks (yes, it is that good). The idea of young girls indulging in full sex acts with other British young 18 or 19 year olds is a real turn on and seeing it in exact detail is a real kick. The thing about the girls on this video is how normal they are. I've always had the idea that lesbians are shaven-headed boyish girls who wear Doctor Marten boots and act like men. Not these girls - these are normal everyday teenage girls, except that they get their sexual pleasures by performing with other girls. Sex is very important to teenage lesbians. Mary, who is 18 shows us just how much pleasure she can give her partner (19 year old Joanne) just by using her mouth. We watch in fascinated, baited-breath ecstasy as Joanne is giving a complete going over. Joanne practically purrs with contented bliss as her lover brings her to the threshold of pure delight again and again. Indeed, Joanne, is in a state of practical orgasmic heights for at least twelve minutes. There're many lesbian (or bi-sexual) teenagers are on this video, all are British. They come from all around the country. Grantham, Cardiff, Fort William etc. These girls don't look like lesbians, but they are, as you'll see in graphic detail. Fresh faced & fruity. I don't know about you but that really does turn me on. Get this video and watch it in ultimate close-up as these teenage lesbians perform with each other. It has to be seen to be believed.





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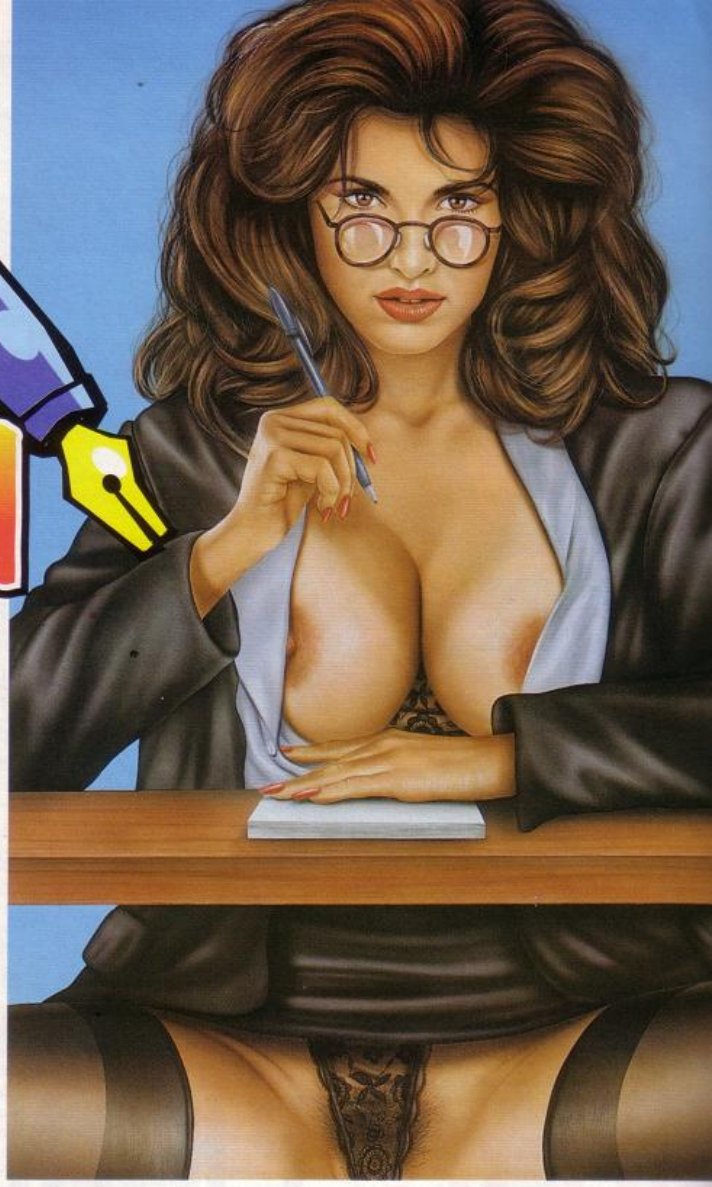
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DEAR DELILAH



Got a spunky secret to share with other readers? Then send a hot, sticky letter to me, Delilah, and tell me all about it. I'm 36 years old and a 36DD cup. I've been around and I'm unshockable. At least I think I am. Why not try me? I can't promise not to answer back, though. Think of me as your own personal sex therapist and get those letters - and yourself - coming. Send your horny reads to: Dear Delilah, Ravers, Galaxy Publications Ltd., PO Box 312, Witham, Essex CM8 3SZ.



Dear Delilah,

I would like to see you tell all us sex-starved males, in your own words, how much you like sucking cock, mine in particular. Tell me every detail, so I can imagine your horny red lips around my straining erection and imagine shooting gallons of spunk into your warm, willing mouth.
Bob, Plymouth.

That's easy, Bob, because I really do love sucking cock. I love placing my warm, supple lips around the tip and gradually moving them downward, sucking gently as I do so. I love the musky scent of balls and like licking the first bubbles of pre-come from your knob-slit. If I had your cock in my mouth now, I would circle my tongue all around your knob, then hold your shaft gently in my hand and run my tongue all over it, up and down, long licks and little flickery ones. Then at last I would suck hard and take you in as far as my throat would allow, fucking your cock with my lips until I had sucked every last drop of spunk out of you and swallowed it.
I hope you enjoyed that!

Dear Delilah,

I'm a bit worried about the shape and size of my girlfriend's cunt. She's a woman of 38 who's had two kids. My



last girlfriend was 23 and her cunt was like a rosebud, tight and neat and pink, with short lips which were hidden inside her purse-like cunt and got nicely engorged and plump when she got turned on. However Stella, my present girlfriend, has dark brown skin around her cunt and her labia are very long – they hang down visibly between her legs and sometimes stick out of the leg of her panties. They're also kind of frilly. ***(Her labia or her knickers?)*** Perhaps if you described what your cunt looks like, it would give me more of an idea of what a normal cunt should be!

Mackie, Aberdeen.

It's hard to help you without knowing what colour Sheila is. If she's black or of mixed race, the skin around her cunt would be darker, though the inside of her lips and vulva would be pink. Older women, especially those who've had children, tend to have longer looking labia because they've been stretched during childbirth. This, coupled with the fact that they may have been split during the birth and stitched, could account for the frilliness. The effect sounds quite exotic to me! Describing an average looking cunt would be like describing an average looking prick.

I sat on the edge of the bed in front of a mirror and opened my legs wide to take a good look at my own cunt. I hope your cock's hardening nicely, Mackie, because the smooth, moist skin inside my pussy lips is deep crimson and the lips themselves are visible when I open my legs, but don't hang down. My cunt is very tight. When I pop my finger inside, I can tighten my muscles so hard it nearly cuts off my circulation. Just imagine me squeezing your prick like that! I usually keep my pubes shaved, but when I let them grow, they are light brown, very soft and grow in a pretty fringe around my cunt, with a neat patch in front.

Dear Delilah,

Most men seem to be stocking mad, but lets hear it for the good old tight! ***(Surely tights? Or are you into one legged women?)*** I think tights are extremely sexy. I like to see a woman clad in nothing but a see-through nylon blouse and a pair of pale beige or pale grey tights encasing her up to her waist. I love being able to glimpse her pussy mistily through the mesh of nylon and I like seeing the nylon flatten her pubic hair and hold it tight. The allure is being able to see everything but not touch it as it's the other side of the nylon gauze. I also like putting on tights myself sometimes. There's a great thrill when I feel my cock being held tight by the clinging nylon and I see my cock through the material. I start caressing myself as I look in the mirror and always end up having a bloody good wank

Den, Hull.

Good for you, Den, though I would say I think you've mislabelled yourself. You're not a tights freak at all, you're a nylon freak and I think you'd enjoy dressing ladies and yourself up in nylon nighties, bodystockings and see-through nylon macs. Why not try it?

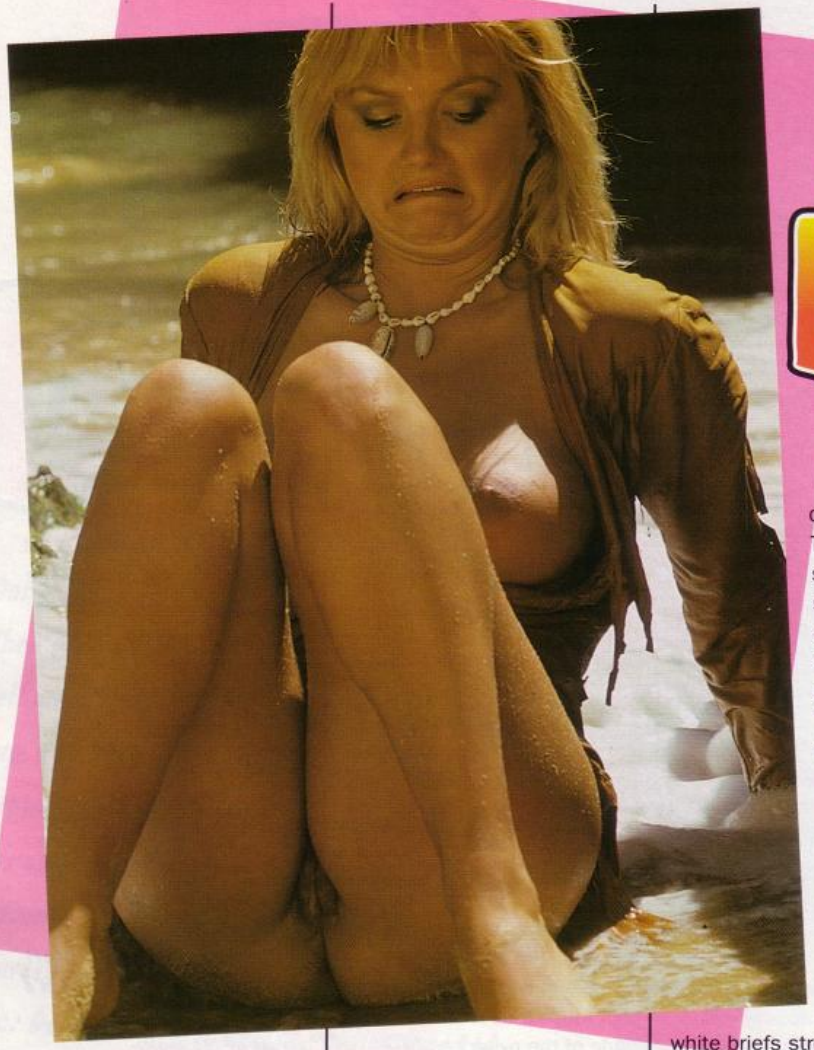
Dear Delilah,

My boyfriend says his wildest fantasy is to fuck me in the supermarket multi-storey wearing nothing but a nun's habit. ***(Who?you or him?)*** It's got to be a windy day because he wants me to walk across the multi-storey and for the wind to blow my habit up, revealing the fact that I'm naked beneath the robe. Then he wants to bend me over the bonnet of his car, lift up my habit and fuck the living daylights out of me. I won't consent because I think it's a bit risky. What do you think?

Lisa, Kettering.

Not if you use a condom! Apart from that, go for it, though it's best if you choose a remote corner of the multi-





DEAR DELILAH

storey in case anyone thinks your bloke's screwing a penguin.

Dear Delilah,

A week last Thursday I had a meeting with an adviser at my bank as I was thinking about taking out a Tessa. (Does a Tessa cost more than an Angie or a Sue?) I'd assumed I'd be seeing a man but when I was shown into the small back office, the person who greeted me was a petite and very gorgeous young lady, wearing a blouse and a skirt in the bank's colours.

I'm self employed so she asked me all about what I did for a living and seemed very interested when I said I was a plumber. She asked if I would do a job at her house and I agreed, never for a moment thinking what it might lead to.

(Oh, come on! Ball-valves not working or something?!)

I arrived at the appointed time. She had the morning off and was wearing casual clothes – skintight black leggings and a tiny cropped top which showed her silky midriff and clung to her generous breasts. I could hardly keep my eyes of her tits as we talked. She had a leak in her bathroom ***(Did you watch, you filthy beast?)*** so I took off the bath panels and set to work with my spanners. She hovered over me while I worked. I kept looking up and getting a juicy eyeful of those firm young thighs, pussy bulge and plump juicy tits. I was getting quite a hard-on, I can tell you! Then I realised she was standing with one leg either side of mine, straddling me. The temptation to pull her onto me was getting my cock throbbing. I imagined ripping those leggings off, revealing a tiny pair of white briefs stretched over a flat, young stomach. Then I imagined her pulling down the panties, letting me flick my tongue around her moist minge. I was nearly spunking in my trousers and my spanner hand was shaking. I finished the job and she offered me coffee, which I accepted. She sat demurely in the living room opposite me. My erection was subsiding now and she started asking me if I was married. I was tempted to say no, but I gave her the honest reply. Then she asked if I ever played around, as plumbers must encounter a lot of temptation as they worked.

"Like you, you mean?" I joked.

"If you like," she said.

It was an open invitation and I went for it. Putting my coffee mug down on the table, I sat down on the arm of her chair, put an arm around her and began to caress her. The minute my hand touched those firm tits, my prong sprang to attention. She wasted little time in feeling for it and closed her fingers round it.

"Mmm, lovely and hard," she purred, "Would you like to go into the bedroom?" Would I!

My fantasy came true, apart from the fact that she was wearing tiny red briefs, not white ones. Once I had relieved her of those stretchy leggings, I noticed the luxuriant pubic curls that were visible all around her briefs. It was a real thicket. I'm a pube man – the more, the merrier for me – so I was in my element. I stroked them, tugged at them with my teeth, then sucked and licked them and the flesh they hid, to the accompaniment of her moans and wriggles. Then the time came to release my straining prick and climb on top of her.

As my glans met her cunt, she folded her legs around me, forcing my rock-hard prick to dive straight into her depths. It was like plunging into a hot slippery velvet glove. oh, the bliss! I tried to take long, slow strokes but her feet were on my bum, kicking me into fast action.

She couldn't wait! She really was a red hot little sex bomb. So I gave in to her signals and gave her the fucking she wanted, hard and fast, ending in an explosive orgasm. She was the noisiest women I'd ever slept with, screaming, wailing and plucking at her swollen nipples as she came.

Her eyes were sparkling afterwards and she thanked me, saying she hadn't had a fuck in ages and that she'd be nice and relaxed for the rest of the day now, if not the rest of the week. Naturally, I offered to help her out any time she felt tense. Who wouldn't. I don't think I'll be having any trouble with loans or overdrafts in future, as I'll be giving bonking services in return for banking ones!
Maurice, Cambs.

It's amazing how randy bank personnel often are, Maurice. A friend of mine is bonking an ageing bank manager at the moment and I've just arranged to see a very tasty financial adviser in a couple of weeks. He's tall, blonde and is already on the hook as I've told him about my Dear Delilah column and he says he can't wait to see himself in it. Watch this space...

Dear Delilah,

Is it possible to wank too much? I'm a very worried 18 year old boy.
Carl, London.

Of course not! If you mean to ask, 'will I go blind?' then there's no fear. Back in Victorian times and earlier, the medics honestly thought that wanking sapped a man's strength. In fact, your body replaces spunk as fast as you use it and a good diet which includes lots of zinc will help to keep your seminal fluid healthy and copious. The only way it could damage you physically would be if you didn't get any sleep because your hand was active all night. However, it could damage you psychologically if you became a real anorak, like those computer nerds who log onto the 'net all day and never interact with real people. So watch you don't become a wanking nerd!

Dear Delilah,

When I'm drunk, I act like a nympho and often wake up in stranger's beds. My friends think I'm a slag but I think it's quite good fun, though sometimes it's a bit scary because I can't remember if I've fucked them or not. Any advice?
Barbie, Rotherham.

My first and most important piece of advice, dear, is to stick in a female condom before you go out on a bender. That way, at least you'll know you won't catch Aids. Secondly, try sipping a few mineral waters in between your vodka and limes, because what's the point in having sex if you can't remember it? Sex should be lingered over and enjoyed and I can't believe you're enjoying it with all these stray pick-ups. forget about quantity and go for quality. Stay a bit more sober and pick up only guys you really fancy, then give them the fucking of their lives so they'll ask you back for seconds and will hopefully want a longer relationship rather than just a one night stand.

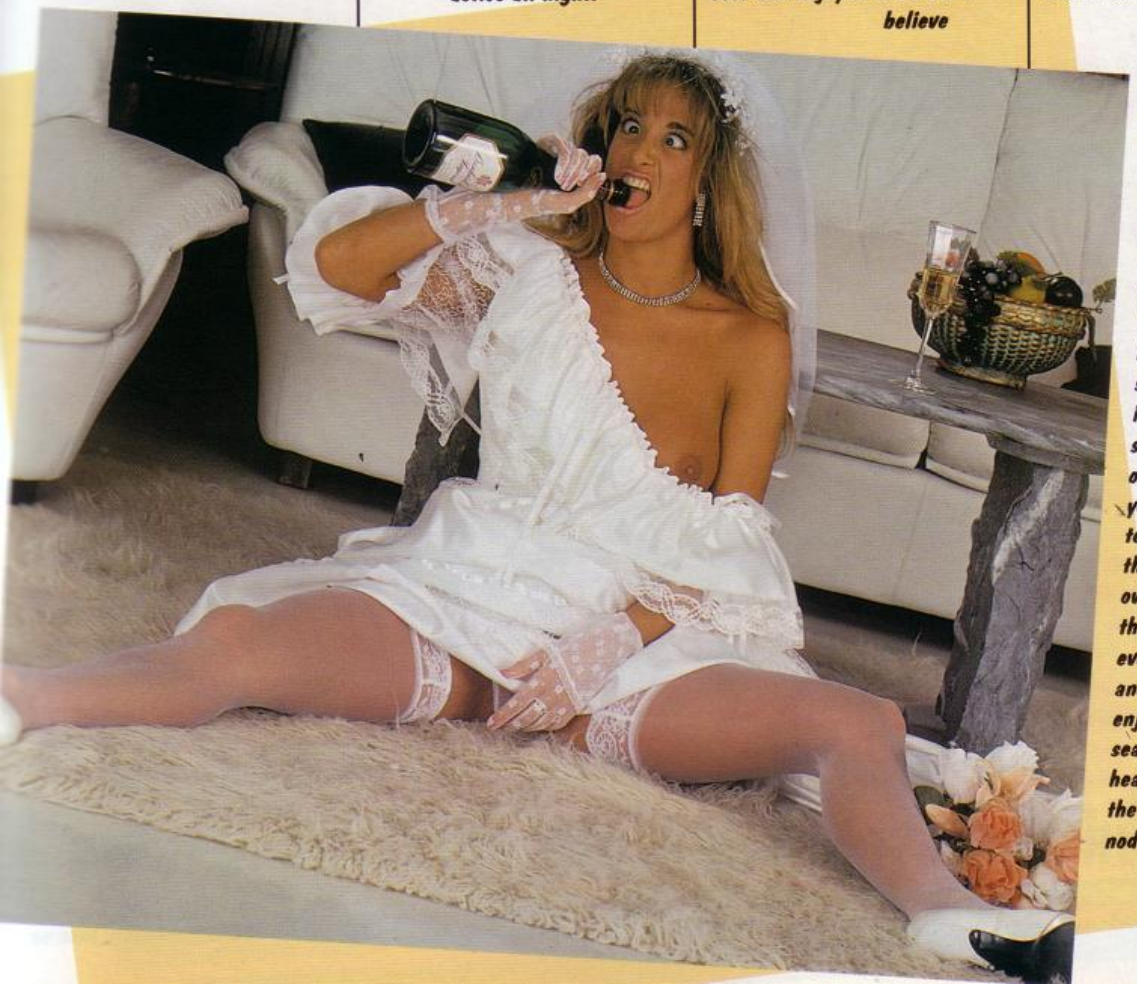
Dear Delilah,

What is the last thing a man should take off when he's stripping ready for seduction?
Alan, Berks.

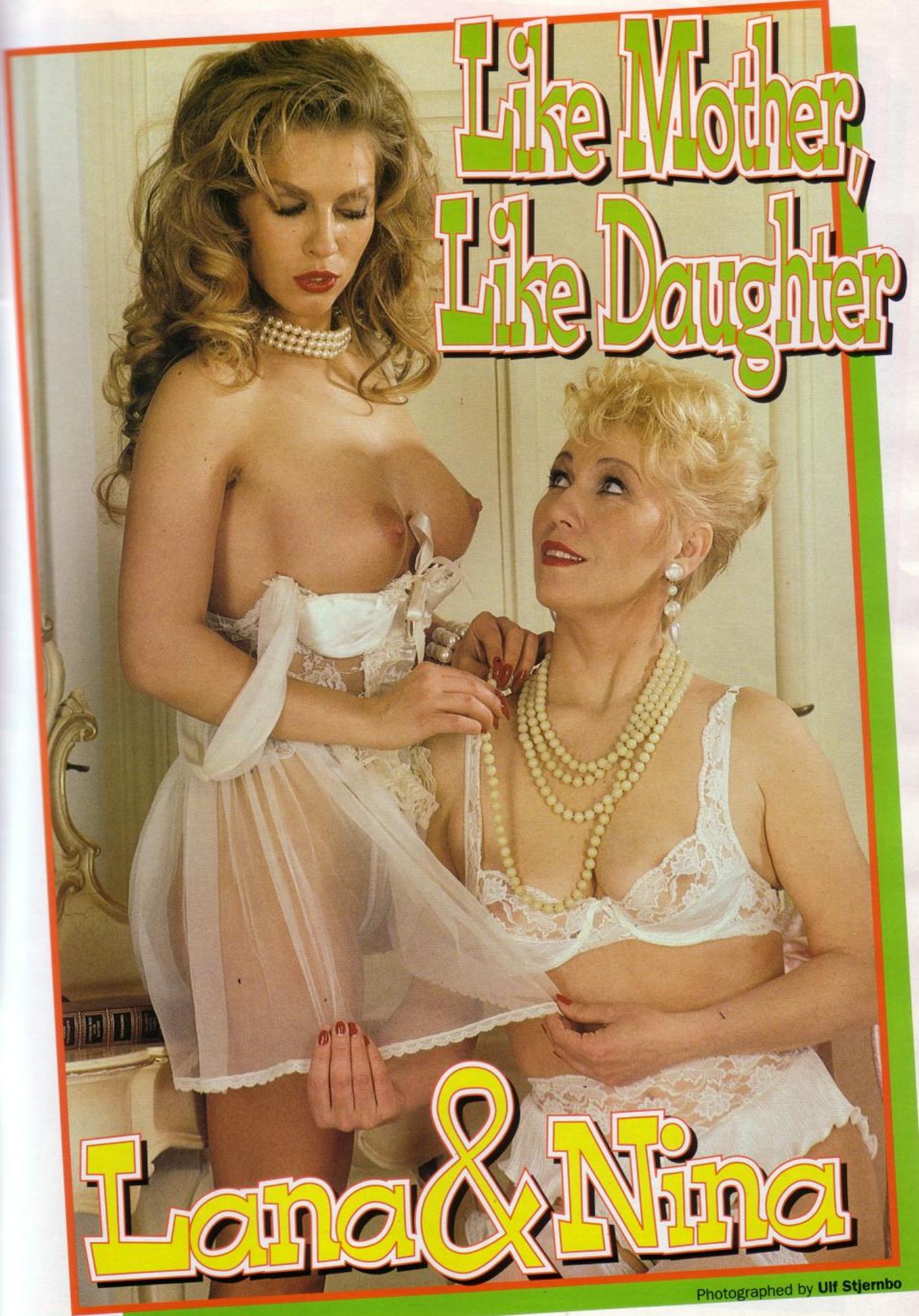
His Condom.

Dear Delilah,

Girlfriends always want me to go down on them but I am a bit wary. I've found that if they wash, I can't stand the taste of soap and talcum powder. The problem is that if they don't wash, I can't stand the smell. What's the answer?
Geoff, Gravesend.



The problem, Geoff, is with you. I concur that a fanny that hasn't been washed fore a few days can smell a bit high, but a fanny that's been shrouded in panties for a few hours should smell lovely, musky and sexy. What you need is to acclimatise yourself to natural female odour gradually. Buy yourself a dozen oysters and slowly sniff them, run your tongue over them and slurp them down. Do this every day for a week and then you'll learn to enjoy the delicate, seafood-like scent of a healthy cunt, and relish the feel of the slippery nodule of the clitoris.


Like Mother, Like Daughter
Lana & Nina
Photographed by Ulf Stjernbo

When Ulf told me that Lana wanted to pose with her mum, I couldn't believe my ears. Okay, we told him, if you can get a mother and daughter to pose together, we'll print it double quick. After all, it's not everyday you get to see two generations lying in front of you with their fannies out! And best of all, we've got some more pictures of these two comely lassies, so if you like this layout, keep your eyes on Ravers over the next couple of months for more mature mum malarkey!
















Lana&Nina
RAVERS

TailEnds Julia

Top totty and great botty. I love bums. Oh, I really love bums. I don't know what it is about this set, but as soon as Terry Munns plonked it down in front of me and said, "Look at those cheeks," I was sold on it and snatched it away for this issue. Just look at those ripe curves. Now if you had the choice of going to work in the morning or stroking an arse like this all day, what would you do? Exactly. I'm surprised Julia ever manages to get any bloody modelling done, because if I was her, I'd be sat in the house stroking my butt all day!









Photographed by **Terry Munns**






TailEnds
Julia

Rave On!





spent fucking Jan, who is old enough to be my mother and should know better.

I think I'm more and more attracted to older mature women than to flirty young girls. So if there is anyone like me and desperate, my advice is that a mature woman's legs are always open and willing.

If you print my letter, I would promise to write and tell you of my second experience with Jan's sister Veronica, who is a 48 year old widow .

Dave and Janice, Wolverhampton

Magic feet

It's good to see you've got a section for us foot fetishists. If you keep this up I'll always buy your mag. As you showcased Zoe's bare feet in Issue 1, how about showing us a few pairs of stockinged feet?

I, like many other readers, buy top shelf magazines purely for the chance that a pair of young women's stockinged feet will be shown. I am also a fan of open-toed shoes, slingbacks and mules, and love it when you can see the varnished nails of a model's toes through that wonderful nylon. The girl on page 70 in that issue had fantastically wankable feet. More please!

I also enjoy it when you show your models before, (with pubes) as well as after their shaving session. I think this is very important and you should continue to do so, as not many other mags do. This turns me on to maximum erection!

How about also showing the clippings that've been removed? Yours foot-lovingly.

Richard, Bedford.

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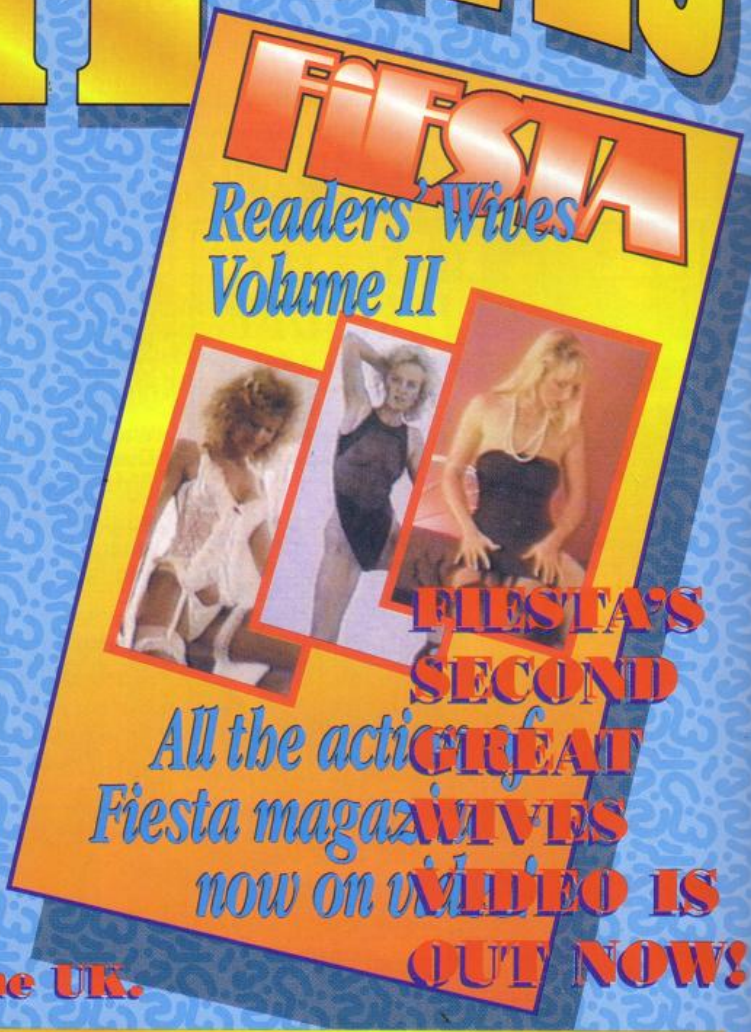
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